

Beverly, New Jersey  
September 4, 1864

Dear Sister Carrie,

You will wonder what I am doing way our here in Jersey – and I can tell you very soon. James was wounded the 16<sup>th</sup> of August at White Oaks campaign (?) and just two weeks ago today was brought to the general hospital here. He was wounded in his right leg right below the knee, the ball passing through his leg. He first thought the bone was not injured, but yesterday some small pieces of bone came out from it – so it is evident that the bone is hurt. The Dr. says his wound is doing as well as possible. There is no \_\_\_\_\_ of an amputation, but he fears he will have a stiff leg. Several of the large muscles are severed.

I came out here four days ago. He was so \_\_\_\_\_ I couldn't stay away from him. He is glad to see me every day. I have secured a good boarding place but the worst of it is they charge so high I can't afford to stay long. I shall have to pay six dollars a week, but am very near the hospital and can go in and out just when I please. I feel very thankful that it is so well with us. It is better so than to be taken prisoner or killed. There are so many worse off than James. His wound is quite painful. He manages to dress it himself but he had a setback, had chills and fever a few days ago. They hang about him yet, he can't walk, not even with crutches. It pains him so to hold down his leg and only sits up in bed a little while at a time.

I'm writing now before breakfast. I went in at six o'clock – carried him eggs and wine hoping it would strengthen him. The fare at the hospital is quite scant and poor and I am glad to be able to get him many little comforts which he would suffer for want of. I spend all my time with him, except when I come in for my meals. It's an unpleasant place there. It was once an expensive chair factory built of brick, three stories high. James is in the second story. The building is full of the wounded, besides hundreds of tents around the grounds. They have accommodations for 8,000 men. It is a very pleasant little town here on the bank of the Delaware. The railroad runs right past the hospital, six hours ride from N. Y., 15 miles north of Philadelphia. Costs \$4.00 to come from Conn. here.

I left Vinton home with Mother. I don't want to leave here until I can take James home but I don't know how it will be. Before I came here Deacon Mason (?) wrote for me to Gov. Buckingham to see if James can be transferred to New Haven hospital. Father was going to \_\_\_\_\_ would go \_\_\_\_\_ talk with the Governor. I feel anxious to know the result of their efforts. If he can \_\_\_\_\_ get a furlough form here, but we will have to wait a week or more for it. He isn't in a very good condition to travel so far, but I know if I had him home he could gain much faster so I shall try and get him home as soon as possible.

I have written Mother to send some of his clothes as he has nothing here but a shirt and drawers and his old war-worn hat.

This is a rainy Sabbath. I am going over soon to see James again. His wounded neighbor, Mr. Harns (?), wishes me to write to his wife for him. Afternoon in the hospital. James has just been dressing his wound which is quite painful – makes him very serious (?). I'm going to try and get him home as soon as I can. I know I could nurse him up there and make him more comfortable.

Carrie, we are very anxious to hear from you in these times of Indian troubles. Write and tell us how you all are. James writes with me in sending love to all.

I shall probably stay here a week longer – direct to D. R. (?)

Excuse \_\_\_ and pencil.

Your affectionate sister, Emily